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THE
PATH
OF
SCREAMS
STAGE II

THE
TAPESTRY OF LIES

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(n^ r)

If and when the
Mists of Ignorance
part for the Magus,
he follows a new fork
in the Path. Deeper in
the darkness, his
groping hands fall
upon new wonders and
his searching eyes
a light on new and
cunning guides. Many
Infernalists stop
short at this point,
either so overwhelmed
by the Cold Thrust or
so dazed by what
they've learned that
they become lost in the
next leg of the
journey.

For the Tapestry
of Lies is well named.
Each weave, every
lesson contains
deceptions that only
time will reveal. A
wise warlock learns to
separate the truths
from the falsehoods,
but many new
diabolists are lured
into complacency,
stagnation and ruin
because they cannot or
will not see through
the illusions.

Purgation

When the new
Infernalist recovers
from his initiation, he
often embarks on a
wild purge. Now
that the worst has
happened, he indulges
the lusts he once
supressed. Generally,
this amounts to a binge
of debauchery, a
careless gallop
through the field of
experience. With new
companions at his side
and fresh vitality in
his veins, the warlock
goes berserk.
Whoring, carousing
and brutality of
inhuman proportions
often result, although
certain academicians
go to the other extreme
and lock themselves in
their archives for
weeks on end. In the
wilderness, where
whores and books are
hard to come by, the
new-Fallen one join
the beasts; tossing
humanity aside, he
strips bare, eats his
meat raw, and
abandons himself to
climates and frenzies
that would kill a

normal man. Through
this purgation, the
Infernalist celebrates
his freedom. This
is the first weave of
lies: raw sensual
rebellion. Some
diabolists stop here,
pissing their lives
away in endless carnal
pleasure. But for
most, the spree passes
quickly. The marvels
revealed by the Cold
Thrust and
Nightmare Dance
make mere
perversions pale. With
Heaven's blinders
removed, the
Infernalist sees how
far he can go if he
whants to. Having
exercised his new
vitality, he moves on to
greater things.

Weaving DarkThreads and Fell Designs

As any magus can
tell you, Creation is a
deep pool, placid on its
surface but teeming
with secrets
underneath. The
Infernalist now
grasps this truth; if
he has any sort of
vision or curiosity,
he'll whant to know
more. Indeed, it's
usually the lure of
magic that draws
people to the darkness
in the first place. In
most lands, dark Arts
are the province of
dark powers. Sadly,
some people belive that
the only way to
master them is to join
the Evil One. And so,
in their ignorance,
they do.

Any half-wit can
spin up conjurations;

an Infernalist with
magick on his mind
will inevitably come
across tomes of false
or misleading lore,
delve into esoteric
practices, or join some
fellowship or other in
hopes of learning the
"real secrets of
magic". This is the
second weave of lies:
the idea that power
can be set down in a
book or transferred
by following a self-
proclaimed leader.
Many cultists fall
into a this trap and
remain there for good,
vainly hoping for a
touch of magick that
may never come, or
tht comes in limited
fashion. This misled
men and women
become the servants to
grater, darker
masters.

There are two
forms of the Art that
can be learned this
way: lesser sorcery,
or demon-born
Investments.
Through favors or
hard practice, the
Infernalist can gain a
few odd powers; a
lesser magician
studies esoterica for
years, even decades,
before managing to
master even a sliver
of the Black Arts.
Many Fallen Ones
aren't soo patient: from
demonic patrons, they
request dark favors
that seem powerful
unless you compare
them to the majesty of
True Magick. For
their trouble, these
Infernalists pile up
debts that can only be
satisfied by soul-
-servitude. Thus,

ironically, the
rebel who wanted to
free himself from
God sells that freedom
to a devil.

But some
Infernalists are smart
enough to search for
more. They turn away
from piles of false
gold and go deeper into
the cavern. Dancing
with their nightmares
on end, these rebels
distill the True Art
from the lies, and
come away with the
Nine Keys of
Creation.

In most common
versions of the myth
of Innana and her
veils, there are seven
gates to the
Underworld, seven
veils she surrenders,
and seven keys she
gets in return. A
mystick of the
Infernal Arts knows
the true number is
nine. Those nine veils
represent nine
elements of the Art.
In the process of
learning this Arts,
many initiates
literally reenact the
goddess's journey;
going through a
succession of gates, the
Infernalist is flayed
alive, then given a
token that represents
the Art he is to learn.
Spells regrow the lost
skin but the pain
lingers as the warlock
studies his new Art.
Some Fallen Ones
keep the skins as
trophies of their
learning. A warlock
with nine of his own
skins on display in a
dangerous man indeed!

As any sorcerer
can attest, magic itself

is not evil, it's a
reflection of the
magician. Since a
diabolist is, by
definition, someone
who choses malice
over virtue, his magic
become maleficium -
a deliberate injury to
Creation. Black magick
bubbles up from the
worst part of the soul
and eats away at the
both the magus and
his world. In time, the
Scourge and Resonance
will reflect these
injuries. Our
Infernalist, if he
lives long enough, will
become a literal cancer
of Creation. In a way
that's his goal: to bring
on the Reckoning and
let Oblivion end the
lies of this world.
This is the truth
woven amidst the
third pattern of lies:
That no magick is
performed
consequences.
Eventually, the
Infernalist learns
this, and either
repends, becomes a
willing servant of